

An Old Song.
The following song was heard by Mr. W. W. W. of this town, when a boy, written from memory:
America once flourished
In unity and peace,
Until that noble North and Bute
Deprived us of our ease
By sending o'er the Stamp Act
Into America,
For to enslave, enslave
The sons of liberty.

The Stamp Act we denied,
And on we sent it back,
And by the help of William Pitt
We soon repealed the Act;
But yet they left a nest egg,
Which was cursed tea,
For to involve, involve
The sons of liberty.

Three ships there were made ready
For Massachusetts bay,
All loaded down with tea,
To begin the bloody fray;
The Bostonians being stout,
They soon destroyed the tea,
For every man with heart and hand
Cried out for liberty.

When this news it reached home,
The angry men were
He rained all his forces,
Commanded by Tom Gage;
Go, bring them to subjection,
Give them Gunpowder tea,
And make the rebels rue the day
They cried for liberty.

And now my song is ended,
Come fill us up a bowl,
And here is health to American boys,
Who scorned to be controlled;
And here is health to Washington,
To Putnam and to Lee;
And so my ditty ends
With success to liberty.

GRANNIE'S QUILTED PETTICOAT.

"My housekeeper is gone," said Mrs. Cameron, "and I do not actually know how to fill her place. The idiot has married an old bachelor. He was the baker around the corner, and I never guessed when she was obliging about choosing all the pastry herself, what was going on. I let her have her little girl with her, too, and I paid her high wages; but here's no depending on widows. They're always wild to marry again. O, dear me!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Bonnycastle, "I can help you out of your dilemma. Here's Margaret Munn. If you don't mind a child you won't mind an old woman of ninety, and Margaret thinks of a home more than wages. I'll send her over. She's the best housekeeper I ever knew. I declare, I believe she isn't comfortable if she can't see her face in everything that she can be polished. And she and Grandma Munn eat like a couple of canaries, and Grannie never leaves her chair, or scarcely; and Margaret will keep her in her own room, and as clean as an old wax doll. Now do try Margaret. She will suit you to perfection."

And the result of the conversation was that Mrs. Cameron did send Margaret Munn, and finding her nice, tidy, pleasant, with an obliging manner and an aptitude for housekeeping, engaged her at once for the place of the recent widow who had betrayed her confidence by thieving the baker.

Margaret Munn took her place in Mrs. Cameron's one Monday morning. She brought Grannie with her, and ten minutes after Mrs. Cameron found the old lady bright upright in an arm chair in the housekeeper's room, with her knitting, a day worsted sock in her hand.

"She had a cap, with fluted ribbons on her head, and an apron with fluted ruffles about her wrists, and a cap with fluted ruffles about it on her shoulders. She rose when Mrs. Cameron came in, and said: 'My duty to you, ma'am' and sat down again and went on knitting like a machine that had been wound up for the speech and was run down the chain."

"Grannie won't be any trouble to any one," said Margaret, not lowering her voice at all, for Grannie was deaf as a post. "She always does exactly as I ask me—all but one thing. She's ninety, and I don't like to be harsh with her; so at one thing is a little anxiety to me. She's my great grandmother, ma'am, and she's a beauty in her day, they tell me. She's not very ugly now."

"The very prettiest old lady I ever saw," said Mrs. Cameron. "Such nice white hair and baby blue eyes. But it is the thing that troubles you, Margaret?"

"If you please, ma'am, I'd better not make it of just now, perhaps," said Margaret. "It's only a little matter of dress, ma'am."

"Well," said Mrs. Cameron, "she looks like a picture now."—and then the talk about pantries and closets, pickle jars and potato barrels, and the last housekeeper's ways and began.

"I don't want to be bothered about this," said Mrs. Cameron, after this from her. "I am not strong, and I have a great deal into society, and I have a dislike to having a lady's maid attend me that I never keep one. I do and my own dressing and that sort of thing, and Mr. Cameron likes me to do my credit. So I am very busy. You see I just have some one I can implicitly trust."

"Yes, ma'am," said Margaret, "and I have a little suit you. I'll try my best." "Can I am sure you will," said Mrs. Cameron, and went away well satisfied with Margaret.

And now the course of her afternoon calls brought Mrs. Bonnycastle, and told her that Margaret had said about Grannie. "I know all about that," said Mrs. Bonnycastle. "Margaret used to be my mistress, once, before we broke up housekeeping. She told me all. It's Grannie's quilted petticoat," repeated Mrs. Cameron.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bonnycastle. "You know, or will soon know, that Margaret is painfully neat. All the better for a hired housekeeper, and Grannie's undergarments and her own look just as her aprons do—marvelously white. Just think of the trouble it must be to Margaret, then, that Grannie will wear her quilted petticoat, ten years old this month, without allowing it to be changed. It's been worn out ten times over, but she patches it up and puts it on again. It's a mass of patches, of all colors, and the old soul will not part with it. When Margaret tries to steal it away, she cries aloud like a baby. She says she will never give it up. It's a very funny object. Margaret passed her to show it to me one day. She held up her gown a little way, and said: 'It is not so old and worn as Maggie, hinks. I keep it mended neat, ma'am, and I think a great deal of it, I do. Let Maggie wear the new one herself; this will last me out.'"

But Margaret takes it so to heart that she cries over it. Mrs. Cameron laughed over the story. Grannie's quilt would never trouble her, as Margaret said. It was nothing but a joke to any one but Margaret. Time passed on. Weeks, days, months—three of them, Margaret still remained housekeeper at Mrs. Cameron's. Grannie still sat knitting endless relays of blue stocks at the housekeeper's fireside, and the house was a model of neatness. Never had the door-bell and plate glittered, or the stair roads shimmered in the sun as they did now. As for dust, the house knew it not; but despite this, Mrs. Cameron began to speak coldly to her housekeeper, and to wear an expression of face that Mrs. Bonnycastle could not account for when that lady mentioned her.

"Aren't you suited with Margaret?" she asked outright, at last. And Mrs. Cameron replied: "A more perfect housekeeper never lived, but, nevertheless, I'm very much afraid I shall have to dismiss her soon. Margaret Munn, I am beginning to believe, has one very bad habit."

"She surely don't drink or take opium?" cried Mrs. Bonnycastle. "Oh, no!"

"My dear Mrs. Bonnycastle," said Mrs. Cameron, "if Margaret is really without the habit I suspect of, I shall be sorry I have allowed the idea to enter my mind. If she is as much addicted to it as I suppose, why then you must know it soon. Pardon me, if for the young woman's sake, I do not mention my suspicions more definitely just now."

Mrs. Bonnycastle went home greatly bewildered; but her curiosity did not prey upon her mind very long. The very next day she received a note from Mrs. Cameron, which ran thus:

DEAR MRS. BONNYCASTLE:—The time has come when I can plainly mention Margaret's bad habit, without doing her any injustice. Will you lunch with me at 2 o'clock to-day?

FRANCES CAMERON.

Two o'clock found Mrs. Bonnycastle at Mrs. Cameron's door. It was opened by the man servant, who showed Mrs. Bonnycastle directly to Mrs. Cameron's boudoir.

The door was locked. Mrs. Cameron herself opened it a very little to let Mrs. Bonnycastle in; and as soon as she had crossed the sill that lady saw Margaret standing with her handkerchief to her eyes sobbing as if her heart would break.

"You may now go, Margaret," said Mrs. Cameron.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sobbed Margaret, "what an unhappy woman I am, to be sure! There never was such injustice done to any one. I'd never die from steal—I would, indeed, I'd never die of it!"

Mrs. Bonnycastle, you don't believe it of me?"

"No, indeed, Maggie," said Mrs. Bonnycastle; and as the door closed behind her humble friend, she turned a questioning and indignant face upon quiet Mrs. Cameron.

"My dear," said the lady, "sit down, I beg of you. 'Don't be distressed. Let me take your hat and shawl. I am very sorry, but it can't be helped. I wrote that I could now explain to you what Margaret's bad habit was. I will now do so. Yesterday I would say it was pilfering; now I must tell you that it was theft.'"

"You might as well accuse me as Margaret," cried Mrs. Bonnycastle.

"Listen, if you please, to my explanation before you blame me," said Mrs. Cameron. "From the first day of Margaret's arrival I have missed little articles; now an old cuff, now another, now a linen collar, a tidy from a chair, an old necktie, buttons, odds and ends, you know, nothing valuable. My women servants have been with me for years. I took mamma's household, you know. The men never come up stairs. These little losses never occurred before. I made up my mind after a while that Margaret was at the bottom of it all; but at first, I was not sure but she in her neatness had tucked them out of sight."

At last I lost a lace collar worth fifteen dollars. I gave a thorough search and made inquiry. It was not to be found. A month later every valuable lace had vanished. I spoke a little suspiciously to Margaret about this, she showed no discomposure. I could not excuse her;

but on Monday my pearl bracelet disappeared under circumstances that leave no doubt in my mind of Margaret's guilt.

We hold family worship every morning you know. All the servants being of our own religion, were present. Margaret holding a different faith, does not present herself. It was at this time the bracelet disappeared. I laid it on my cushion before I ran down to breakfast. When I went into my room again it was gone. Margaret was the only person in the upper part of the house besides her grandmother."

"Some stranger has stolen it. Any sneak thief, and tramp, might do it. Margaret never would," said Mrs. Bonnycastle.

"My dear," said Mrs. Cameron, "before I took any active measure, I called on Mrs. Coulter, with whom Margaret lived just as she does with me—Grannie and all—before she came here, and I asked plainly why she did not keep her. At first she refused to tell. Then I told her my suspicions. It will surprise you then to hear that she then confessed to having lost so many things, that she also lost her faith in Margaret. So there is a policeman down stairs, and Margaret's trunks are to be searched, and, unless she makes a confession I shall not let her off so easily, for she is the worst hypocrite I ever met."

"I won't listen any longer," cried Mrs. Bonnycastle. "I trust Margaret with untold gold. One of your dear old servants done it, of course, and you suspect the stranger. I'll go to Margaret."

Suddenly she stopped. A wail rang through the house—an awful cry. Mrs. Cameron caught Mrs. Bonnycastle by the arm.

"People only scream that way over the dead," she said. "What is it? Where is it?"

They rushed to the door. In the hall they met the servants. The cry had come from the housekeeper's room, and thither they all made their way. It was Margaret's voice that they had heard, and there in her arms sat the cause. Grannie, in her ruffled cap and apron, with her knitting in her hand, but stone dead.

There was nothing more said of the robbery that day. Mrs. Cameron was overcome by the incident and fainted, as she always did when startled. Mrs. Bonnycastle remained with Margaret. The old woman's form was stretched up on a bed, and a doctor sent for. She had simply died of old age. Nothing had ailed her besides that.

"You are so kind to me, ma'am," she replied, looking at Mrs. Bonnycastle with grateful eyes. "I think you will be rewarded for it hereafter. You don't believe the things they say, I know. Poor old Grannie, I'm so glad she didn't know. And I ought to be grateful to a little. I must save her from disgrace anyhow. She was always sweet and clean, and that dreadful quilt of hers; and I'll get it off, and hide it before they see her. It's a duty to both of us, for I did my best to keep her tidy, only she begged to wear that patch."

And Margaret, busy about the solemn figure on the bed, amidst fast falling tears, drew off the many-patched petticoat. She sat down on the floor, when it was in her hand, and sobbed aloud.

"We don't know how we feel when people are gone," she said. "How angry I've been about this. Feel the lumps in it, Mrs. Bonnycastle. I fear it hurt the poor dear. There's something hard in it like stones. I can't guess what it is."

Suddenly she gave a little scream. She had ripped away a rough flannel patch.

"Look! look!" she cried; said Mrs. Bonnycastle looked and saw, stitched against the original material, quite covered the moment before by the patch, something that glittered.

"It's the pearl bracelet!" cried Margaret. "Oh, what shall I do?"

What Mrs. Bonnycastle did was to call Mrs. Cameron, and the three women together ripped up the poor patched quilt. In it, carefully hidden and covered over, were the pilferings of years—the things that Mrs. Cameron had lost—the things Mrs. Coulter had lost—articles of Margaret's own property long missing. The petticoat was a perfect store-house, and it was plain that Grannie Munn had, in her years of childhood, become a confirmed kleptomaniac—stealing without the least expectation of making any use of what she stole.

The discovery saved Margaret's character for honesty, of course, and she lives with Mrs. Cameron as housekeeper to this day. No one thought of blaming the old woman, who had been as honest as the sun in her young days. And Margaret still treasures a small old-looking bundle, of which no one could discover the meaning, as a devotee would some precious relic. She never shows it to any one, and she often cries over it. "It is more like her, after all, than anything else," she would tell you, were you in her confidence. "It's all there is left of poor old Grannie's quilt."—*Mary K. Dallas.*

Here's the verdict of a Kansas jury: "Died of a kick in the stomach from his wife, and he never knew what hurt him."

Blind Jack, the Road-Maker.

Blind Jack was the son of poor working people, who lived at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. Poor little fellow! when he was only six years old, the bright sun, the green fields, the birds and flowers were all shut out from his gaze, for he became totally blind. An attack of small-pox destroyed his sight, and from thenceforth he was to go through the world feeling, but not seeing. But, strange to say, soon after his illness he was able to find his way to the end of the road and back, and in three years' time could go all over the town without a guide. He was a strong, healthy boy, fond of sports, and loved to go with his companions on bird-nesting expeditions, even climbing the trees in search of nests. Every foot of the ground for miles around Knaresborough he soon knew perfectly, and would ramble about the fields and lanes alone without the least fear of losing himself or going astray. Swimming was one of his favorite amusements, and on one occasion, whilst bathing in the river Nidd, he saved the lives of three of his companions who had gone beyond their depth, and, but for his help, would have been drowned.

Now, perhaps you will think, "How was it possible for a boy perfectly blind to do such wonderful things?" John Metcalf (for that was his real name) did, indeed, astonish everybody by his wonderful acuteness, his buoyant spirits and his love of adventure. He learned to play the fiddle in the evenings at home, and became so skilled on the instrument that he was employed to play at assemblies and dancing parties. He turned this gift to remarkable account on the occasion of the Pretender's invasion of England, in the year 1745, when he was 28 years old. A neighboring gentleman wished to raise a body of volunteers at his own expense to join the royal army, but all his efforts failed, as no persuasion on his part would induce the men to enlist. By the help of Blind Jack, however, who was exceedingly popular, he was soon able to collect the required number, and Metcalf himself joining, cheered his companions by his inspiring music, which he played on the march and by the watch-fires at night.

One of his remarkable feats, when young, was acting as guide to a gentleman one evening from York to Knaresborough, a distance of about 20 miles, by a road full of windings, and across wild heaths and moors. Jack took the gentleman safely to his destination; but great was the gentleman's surprise when, in answer to a remark he made to the landlady of the inn, he was told that his guide was quite blind. "Had I known it," he exclaimed to Jack, "I would not have ventured with you for a hundred pounds!" "And I, sir," replied Metcalf, "would not have lost my way for a thousand."

But John Metcalf wanted to see the world, as he called it, and so took a journey to London, earning sufficient money to pay his expenses by means of his fiddle. During his visit he made excursions to Hampton Court, Windsor and other places of interest in and about the metropolis. His return home from London was not the least striking part of his journey. On being offered a seat in a gentleman's private coach going to Harrogate, he declined the offer, saying he preferred walking, and besides, he added, he thought he could do it sooner. This would seem incredible, did I not tell you that the roads were so bad that it was no uncommon thing for horses and carriages to stick fast in the mire until they were dragged out; and a journey took as many days as it now does hours. As it happened in this case, Metcalf reached Harrogate, a distance of 200 miles, in six days, or two days earlier than the gentleman who went by coach.

It was not, however, till Metcalf was fifty years old that he commenced that occupation which he continued with so much success, and by which he justly gained so great a reputation. He had, indeed, taken up many trades to earn an honest living, having been, at various times previous to this, a musician, soldier, chapman, horse dealer, fish dealer and vagabond; but now Metcalf, the stone-blind man, who was to make a name famous in history for road-making and bridge-building.

About the year 1765, the want of good public roads became so evident that many were constructed in various parts throughout England. John Metcalf entered upon a contract to do three miles of a road which was proposed in his neighborhood; and so deep and extensive was his knowledge, both of the ground and the best means of procuring the materials for the work, that his portion was the first completed, and was satisfactory in every respect. This was the commencement of a number of similar undertakings, both in his own and adjoining counties. Many roads can be pointed out as having been constructed by this wonderful man; he made them, too, not only in smooth places, but up hills and across valleys, through marsh and moor, and over swiftly flowing rivers. I cannot, indeed, imagine a more affecting sight than seeing a blind man surveying his roads, forming his estimates of the nature of the soil, and the

best method of carrying out the work. Although his eyes could never gaze on any of the materials he was using, or see in what manner the work was carried on, and so good were the bridges built under his directions, that whilst others, built by men who had the use of their eyes, have been swept away during floods, Blind Jack's have proudly bid defiance to the angry rush of the foaming waters. Not until this remarkable man was 75 years of age did he conclude his labors as a road-maker. He then retired to a little farm; and in the year 1810 he died, at the ripe old age of ninety-three.

Two Sundays.

Dr. Field writes in the Evangelist: "You know that, in crossing the Pacific, it becomes necessary to alter the reckoning of the days to conform to that of the Eastern and Western Hemisphere, according as a ship is sailing in one direction or the other. In going to Japan, where the 180th degree of longitude is reached (which is half way round the world from the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, England, from which longitude is reckoned), a day is dropped, and in returning one is added. We crossed that meridian on the 18th of June, and so two days were put down in the ships' calendar as the 18th of June. Now, as it happened that this was Sunday, we had two Sabbaths succeeding each other—one of which was the Sabbath in Japan and all Asia and the other the Sabbath in America and in Europe. Some of our ship's company were puzzled to know which to keep; but I did not think it would do me any harm to keep both, and shall always remember with pleasure this double Sabbath on the Sea."

Romance of Missionary Life.

The Rev. Philip Berry, of Belcher-ton, Mass., will soon publish a romance of missionary life, giving the history of a young man from Massachusetts, but a native of New York, named Randall, who was taken from a party of young men while traveling from Damascus to Jerusalem, and forced to marry the daughter of a Bedouin sheik. Young Randall could not escape from the Arabs, as his tent was guarded by night and his person watched by day, so he was obliged to marry her. His wife was attractive. He acquired the Arabic language and his wife the English, their children learned both, and the result was that Randall became a powerful man among the Arabic tribes.

How They Hang a Man in China.

I observed one mode of capital punishment known as the "cage." The "cage" used was between two and three feet square and over six feet high. Near the bottom was a close floor of plank. The four sides were open work of plank palings. The planks composing the cage were made to fit around a man's neck close enough to hang him. The condemned man was put into this cage, his head projecting above, the cover fitting around his neck, and under his feet number of bricks, one above the other, just enough to enable him to stand on tiptoe. When this position, from weariness, became unendurable, his only relief was to hang by the neck. The design is to make a man suffer as much as possible, but not to kill him too quickly. Usually after a criminal has been standing thus for a day or so one of the bricks is removed, and then another, until he hangs by his neck altogether. It is said that a strong man ordinarily will endure this torture several days before life becomes extinct.

On the present occasion death was hastened more quickly. The man was put into the cage on Sunday afternoon, I believe, about one o'clock. I heard of it on Monday morning, and went over to Amoy about two o'clock in the afternoon to see him. He had then been dead some time. The guard said he died just before daylight; that he was conscious of having committed great crimes, and had hastened his own death by kicking the bricks from under his feet. But the people said (privately) that the guard wished to get rid of their charge that they might prepare to keep New Year's Day (the Chinese New Year was near at hand), and therefore had taken the bricks from under his feet during the night. This probably was the fact.—*Christian at Work.*

An editor's life is fraught with hopes which never reach fruition, and cruel fate conspires to blast his fondest dreams. But yesterday we succeeded in getting a positive promise from a delinquent debtor that he would pay us on the 27th, and to-day we learn from a Bedouin prophet that the world will be destroyed by fire on the 26th.—*Brookville Jeffersonian.*

While a man was shearing sheep several days ago, one of them butted him so violently that he died from the effects. We don't suppose a man brought up in a cheap boarding house ever experienced stronger "batter" than that.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Hell Gate Blast.

GEN. NEWTON'S TWO-YEAR OLD GIRL SPTS IN MOTION THE AGENCY THAT PROVES SO DESTRUCTIVE.

The little causes that sometimes control immense result, find another illustration in the beautiful incident of the great blast at Hallett's Point, when the infant daughter of Gen. Newton, by a movement of her little hand set in motion the agency that proved so terribly destructive in its results. Ten minutes before the explosion Mrs. Newton arrived at the firing point, accompanied by a nurse, who carried the two-year-old Mary Newton, two years and four months old—a pretty little child, with blue eyes, a fair skin and light curly hair. Two or three minutes later Gen. Newton and others came from the bomb proof, and while waiting for the appointed moment, talked and played with the child. Not a line in his face betrayed the slightest anxiety. Twice he turned to his little daughter, whom the nurse held in her arms, patted her cheek, and, taking her hand in his, touched with it the key which was to give the finishing stroke to the great mine. As he did this the eye involuntarily turned to the mine, but the battery plates were still out of the acids, and consequently the touch was harmless. After looking at his watch again he said, "Come, my little girl," and lifting her from the nurse's arms, stood her by the keyboard upon a box placed there for the purpose.

Once more he took the child's hand and held it with his right hand immediately over the key, the spectators looking on in breathless suspense, mingled with a feeling of awe, at the thought of what that little hand would soon accomplish. Gen. Newton stood with his open watch in his left hand and his own. Silently he watched the seconds pass. At length he shut his watch and returned it to his pocket, and looking down on his child, said: "Come, little Mary, touch this key again."

The chubby white little hands of the child approached the key. Mrs. Newton's eyes are fixed on the little one with motherly pride, and the General seeing the direction of her look, cries: "Come, come, look out there toward the mine. You don't want to look here."

The lady's eyes followed the direction indicated, as did those of all in the structure. The child's hand rests innocently upon the key, a slight tremor shakes the earth, followed by a dull, rumbling sound, which seems to travel along the direction of the ledge and to come from an enormous subterranean depth.

The river in front of Hallett's Point seemed to leap from its bed and to hurl itself in a white, foaming mass between fifty and one hundred feet up in the air. There it seemed to remain suspended for twenty seconds over the whole three acres of space covered by the mine, like beaten froth. A few black specks like upheaved rocks appeared in the midst of the foaming mass, while straight out from the broken end of Hallett's Point shot out a great black column of mud, piercing and traversing the white, aerated water, it seemed for hundreds of feet, like a column of black smoke bursting through volumes of steam.

Science teaches us that the crust of our earth is perpetually moving, and that the sea level is constantly changing. Our globe has its daily rotation on its axis and its yearly revolutions about the sun, with all the satellites, sweeps on to the constellation of Hercules. Every so-called fixed star is in motion. Fifty thousand years ago the constellation of the great bear or dipper was a starry cross; a hundred thousand years hence the imaginary dipper will be upside down, and the stars which form the bowl and handle will have changed places. The misty nebulae are moving, and besides are whirling around in great spirals, some one way, some another. Every molecule of matter in the whole universe is swinging to and fro; every particle of ether which fills space is in jelly-like vibration. Light is one kind of motion, heat another, electricity another, magnetism another, sound another. Every human sense is the result of motion; every perception, every thought, is but motion of the molecules of the brain translated by that incomprehensible thing we call the "mind." The processes of growth, of existence, of decay, whether in worlds or in the minutest organisms, are but motion.—*Scientific American.*

Mr. Buckle says that history repeats itself. We presume that he refers to the fact that the Jews were directed to make glad the waist places, and that the same pleasing custom of doing it with the left arm on the front door stoop evenings, after the old gentleman has gone to the lodge, is popular now.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

A Kentuckian whipped his wife because she attended her sister's funeral without his permission.

Sudden Attachment.

It is related of Curran, the famous Irish orator and wit, that he was one evening sitting in a box at the French opera, between an Irish noblewoman, whom he had accompanied there, and a very young French woman. The ladies soon manifested a strong desire to converse, but neither of them knew a word of the other's language. Curran, of course, volunteered to interpret, or, in his own words, "to be the carrier of their thoughts, and accountable for their safe deliverance."

They went at it at once with all the ardor and zest of the Irish and French natures combined; but the interpreter took the liberty of substituting his own thoughts for theirs, and instead of remarks upon the dresses and the play, he introduced so many finely turned compliments that the two ladies soon became completely infatuated with each other. At last, their infatuation becoming sufficiently great, that the wily interpreter, in conveying some very innocent questions from his countrywoman, asked the French lady "if she would favor her with a kiss." Instantly springing across the orator, she imprinted a kiss on each cheek of the Irish lady, who was amazed at her sudden attack, and often afterward asked Mr. Curran "what in the world could that French girl have meant by such conduct in such a place?" He never revealed the secret, and the Irish lady always thought the French were very ardent and sudden in their attachments.

—*Literature of Kissing.*

Curious Scene at Napoleon's Funeral. The very interesting series of articles entitled "Napoleon at St. Helena," by one of the Emperor's attendants, which have been appearing in the St. James' Magazine, have now come to an end with the death of the Emperor. Francis Stewart, the narrator, gives a curious account of a scene which took place at the funeral of Napoleon: "I had in my hand Napoleon's heart, which he desired Marshal Bertram to have embalmed, placed in a silver vase, and sent to his son, Napoleon II. The heart was unusually large and very fat; and before it was soldered up, all the French servants, by their own request, saw it, some of them kissing it, and falling on their knees, offered up a prayer. I, wishing to do as they did, fell on my knees too, which seemed to gratify them, but of course, as I did not understand what they were praying for, I said no prayer, neither had I sufficient stomach to kiss the heart, although Napoleon had been a kind master and a benevolent friend to me."

"Sir Thomas Reade and Sir Hudson Lowe having seen me on my knees, the latter said, when I came out, 'So, Mr. Stewart, you have been praying, too; I did not know you were a Papist.' Sir Thomas Reade said, with a sneer, 'Have you been praying to the devil to take his heart as well as his body?' 'No, sir,' I replied; 'there will be no occasion for any praying to the devil to take your body and heart, because he has had them ever since I knew you!' Such conduct as this on the part of English officials toward a dead enemy certainly well merited the sharp reply of Stewart, and seems to justify the intense feeling against the guardians of Napoleon which is experienced by Frenchmen. The story is a most extraordinary one, and deserves investigation.—*London Examiner.*

Wanted a Farm.

A Detroit real estate agent was waited on recently by a tall man with a weed on his hat, who said he had the cash to pay for a farm, provided he could get one to suit. The agent smiled him to a seat, and brought out his register of descriptions. He had several farms registered on his books, and he had not the least doubt that he could suit the would-be purchaser.

The stranger remarked: "What I want is a farm of about three hundred acres."

"I've got it," replied the dealer. "I'd like about six big hills on it."

"Here she is—here's a farm with exactly six hills on it."

"And I'd like a lake near the center."

"Here you are. Here's a farm with a lake exactly in the center."

"And I want a big natural cavern in one of the hills."

"Here you are. There's a cave on this farm which can't be beat."

The stranger drew a long breath, and went on: "I want a farm of three hundred acres, but one hundred acres must be marsh land."

"Here she is," was the ready reply. "Just three hundred acres in the farm, and just one hundred acres in marsh land."

"I must have a waterfall twenty-six feet high on the farm," continued the stranger.

"Here you are. This farm has a natural waterfall of twenty-five feet and eleven inches. I don't suppose an inch, more or less, on a waterfall amounts to much."

"Well, no, but I want a windmill on one of the hills."

"That was put up last year," was the calm reply.

It was some time before the stranger thought of anything else, but finally said: "There must be a Baptist church right across the road from the house."

"One built there last summer."

"It must be a brick church."

"So it is."

"Has it an organ?"

"It has."

"Then I can't buy the farm of you," said the stranger, rising to go. "If there is anything I hate it is a church organ, and you can see for yourself that I would be in a state of continual misery. The farm suits me first-rate, but I can't go there."

Just what estimate those two men placed upon each other's veracity as they separated will never be known.

Who Loves our Flag shall Rule our Land.

A CENTENNIAL CAMPAIGN SONG.

BY ANNE A. FULLER.

Who love our flag shall rule our land
And manhood of state,
We cannot greet with friendly hand,
Those who our banner hate;
'Tis touchstone of our loyalty,
Bewitched by patriot Sires;
Emblem of that true loyalty
Which every heart desires.

CHORUS.

Our flag! Our flag! unfurl our flag,
And hoist it high in air,
Its stripes read love and purity,
Its stars, truth and brave.

We'll teach the young to love our flag,
Its colors how to read;
We'll tell them white means purity,
And red means love indeed;
That blue is true, and then the three,
Love, truth, and purity,
We will combine in one strong word,
And write it, LOYALTY.

Chorus.

We'll tell them, loyalty must be
Next to their love for God,
That it must flow thro' all their veins,
With every drop of blood.
We'll take them to the patriot's grave,
And tell them of his deeds;
Tell them that he is truly brave
Who for his country bleeds.

Chorus.

The men who are true men in soul,
From where-so-e'er they come,
Who honor God, and love our flag
Better than life, or home,
They only shall make our laws,
They only shall rule our land,
While we, against each traitor's cause,
Pledge firmly heart and hand.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dr. Gallaudet's Western Deaf-Mute Services.

No. 9 West 18th St., New York, }
Sept. 28th, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—The Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., has made the following appointments for deaf-mute services at the West, and hopes (D. V.) to fill them all:

Grand Rapids, Mich., Oct. 31st, at St. Mark's Church, in the evening.

Milwaukee, Nov. 1st, (All Saints' Day) at All Saints' Cathedral, on Division street, in the evening.

Chicago, Sunday, Nov. 5th, at St. James' Church, in the evening. The Church is at the corner of Cass and Huron streets.

Jackson, Mich., Monday, Nov. 6th, at St. Paul's Church, in the evening.

Flint, Mich., Nov. 7th, at St. Paul's Church, in the evening.

Detroit, Nov. 9th, at St. John's Church, Woodward Avenue, in the evening.

Cleveland, Ohio, Sunday, Nov. 12th, at Grace Church, corner of Erie and Huron streets, in the evening.

The Dr. hopes to be able to visit Delavan and Racine, Wis., soon after the service in Milwaukee.

As there are many deaf-mutes living in the vicinity of the above places who would be glad to attend the services, the friends of the mission work are asked to give them due notice.

Yours very sincerely,

A. W. MANN.

Disappearance of Mrs. Mary Welsh.

HER REMARKABLE PEDESTRIAN FEAT.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—The deaf-mutes are considerably excited at the disappearance of Mrs. Mary Welsh. Many of the readers of the JOURNAL will recollect a sad case last October in Lynn, Mass.—the temporary insanity of the mother whose infant died (and who was not buried for three days), and who was in an awful state of mind when discovered by myself while her husband, Edward Welsh, was away selling my books. Since that time she has resided with her mother in Boston. It seems she was never in sound mind from that time.

She was well cared for by her mother. There had always been trouble between her and her husband, and it was impossible for them to live together happily.

About four weeks ago, on Sunday afternoon, at 7 o'clock, she told her mother she wished to go to Charlestown to see an old friend, and would return before dark. She kissed her children, a boy and girl, left and never returned.

The next morning I was in bed sick, and was informed that Mrs. Welsh was in this town, but went away no one knew where. I also learned the following particulars.

She had walked the way from Boston to this town, nearly 15 miles, through four large cities, Boston, Charlestown, Chelsea, Lynn, through the woods, and on the turnpike between Revere and Lynn, the most dangerous route for any woman to travel through, and during the night.

She reached this town at four o'clock in the morning, and sat down on a door-step where the people were abed, in the house in which she once resided, and which is now occupied by Mr. Ira Poland. On Mr. Poland rising and going out was much surprised to find her. She was invited in and sat down, saying she was much fatigued and hungry, and was much surprised, she said, to find herself in Marblehead. She said she was going to see a friend to give him a scolding for treating her so cruelly. She was invited to take breakfast, but refused to take anything except some tea and a little bread.

Mrs. Poland tried hard to detain her from going out again, and told her she would give her money to pay her fare back to Boston. She declined the offer saying she would rather walk than ride, for her health. Before taking leave she said she was once prevented from drowning herself. Bidding good-by to Mrs. Poland, she left, and no one knew which

route she took. Word was sent to me, but I was too sick to go after her and bring her back, and take her to Boston. We are in total ignorance as to where she is. She may have committed suicide by drowning, or wandered somewhere and fallen exhausted and died, or, perhaps, foul play may have happened to her.

On hearing of this sad case, her husband, who was in Vermont selling books, returned home grief-stricken and remained with me, and I have done all I could to pacify him. He was much more grieved to find his two children left to the cruel world, motherless, and he at a loss to know what to do with them. He objected to their being with their grandparents, for the good reason that they might be too indulgent with them. By my advice he has consented to let them be put under the care of the Mission to children in Boston until some plan can be devised for their care, if their mother never returns. The children were left to my care and I have placed them in the mission institution, where they will be well cared for, and properly trained.

I am well acquainted with the family and cannot blame him for not living with his wife. He is a smart and active man, and I value him very much as a book agent. I must forbear saying anything further about his wife, but I am sure a certain deaf man was the cause of the unhappiness of the family. It would, as some deaf-mutes say, be good for him to be locked up in prison for his bad conduct.

WM. B. SWETT.

Help Needed.

No. 53 WEST 15TH ST., N. Y., }
Oct. 2d, 1876.

The fair for the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes is to be held Nov. 22d. Can my deaf-mute friends at the West and Northwest do something in the way of sending money or articles that will command a ready sale. I have visited the Home, examined it thoroughly, and satisfied myself that it is doing a benevolent and most needed work.

Yours sincerely,
A. W. MANN,
Missionary.

Letter from a Friend of the Deaf and Dumb.

94 ELM ST., NEWARK, N. J., }
Sept. 29, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—You will please pardon the liberty I take, but I am one that takes an interest in your paper, though I am a speaking person. I thought I must say something about a very enjoyable party held last evening at the house of Miss S. L. Harper's (a deaf-mute) father on the occasion of her birthday. About nine couples were present, among them were Mr. and Mrs. John Burnett and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. C. Noe and Messrs. W. H. Huxley, F. Thompson and many other deaf-mutes whom I dare say you know either by name or personality.

One who loves all deaf-mutes,
E. H. H.

Deaf-Mute Teachers of the Deaf and Dumb.

A GOOD WORD TO "K."

"Somebody has felt called upon to publicly put himself on record as an opponent to deaf-mute teachers of the deaf and dumb."

The above is an idea from "K" which appeared in the JOURNAL of August 17th. Let me say that deaf-mute teachers are simply semi-mute teachers, and the cause is plain enough. I am in opposition to the deaf-mute teachers, which simply justifies my own class—am a semi-mute. "K" avers that "he is a poor student of deaf-mute history," who forgets that sixty years ago, when the first Institution was built, the first teacher was Laurent Clerc.

The student may not be a poor one, for it is certain that a man will never look back to honor the first settler of an island when the island is turned into a city, but the man will say that the island was first settled with a log cabin, and no roads to travel, or anything else. And the man will say when the island is a city that it doesn't need any more settlers, but needs men capable of managing the interests of the government. This is the same as Laurent Clerc who first taught the deaf and dumb, and this unfortunate class came out pretty well, but if they are the same now as they were then, we would say we don't want them, for we are in an union, and we need our class to be men capable of holding high converse. The result of the lowness now existing is caused by the deaf and dumb teachers who cannot supply the wants of the pupils, and even a semi-mute is not wanted, for he is as dead as the deaf and dumb teacher.

The deaf and dumb teacher of congenital mutes or semi-mutes to a position, is on the wrong side, and I do not hesitate about it when I recollect the elevation of some deaf and dumb persons whom an intelligent writer would call "sticks," or another way, "a class of cheap teachers," taking the small staff of the State. It is wrong for those who endeavor to secure a position for a congenital mute or a semi-mute, through personal preferences, and many have misunderstood the law, and it is either on the part of the teachers for accepting, or on the part of the teacher's friend for securing him the place, when both acknowledge the wrong point.

I know "K" is an enthusiast on the question, and takes a heroic interest in the proper training of the unfortunate class for whom the law is especially devised; and perchance "K" may see in this position, improving as it may seem to ordinary mortals. We think the ambition is not unworthy of any need, not even of one so cultivated and gifted as that of "K." The position, however, of teacher, it should be borne in mind, requires an educator, a man of scholarly attainment, and of intellectual force. The man for that position should be one who

believes in the wisdom of the law, who has intelligence enough to understand its bearings, who has a determined and well balanced will, and one who will go about the work of enforcing the principle of education with a reasonable degree of moderation, and yet with such a measure of enthusiasm as will insure success in the undertaking. The law, as far as its real scope and purpose are concerned, is one of the wisest ever placed upon the statute books of this State.

What shall we say to the suggestion that deaf-mute teachers be placed in our Institutions? Have we come to a period when the Board of Directors are to be something more than a resort of antiquated gentlemen of kindly sympathies and personal regards, who manage our educational interests on personal preferences, and with the view of sending tried servants out of office? Are the principals of the institutions really ready to speak out upon the subject without regard to personal relations and old established friendship? We must confess that we have been restrained by just such considerations, but in this we have been no greater sinners than others. It is a hard thing to advocate the displacement of a public servant against whom you entertain none but the kindest of feelings, and who, perhaps, through years of service has given no just occasion for harsh and undisciplined criticism. Yet there are times when changes need to be made, and when they should be made by those upon whom duty devolves, with a firm and considerate determination.

Not a deaf-mute teacher, but a speaking and hearing professor who has more experience in the English language, etc., would make a fitting teacher. We doubt not that should a professor be appointed a teacher instead of deaf-mutes, it will be done with a wise foresight, and with the view of enhancing the educational interests of the deaf and dumb.

Yet we shall not be disappointed if things are allowed to remain as they are, for it is so easy to go along in the old ruts, and to leave well enough alone, especially where a change is sure to involve disappointment and the breaking, perhaps, of personal friendship. Such things are always unpleasant, and it is no wonder they often hedge the way of progress.

There is great opposition to deaf-mute teachers, and it is thought they must be superseded for the position, but the vote on all occasions will show that they have at least strength enough to secure the required majority.

We stand firmly by our local claims, but we know full well that to press these claims beyond the line of strict justice, would be sure to prove ineffectual, and perhaps drive matters to the other extreme. But all we want to say is that deaf-mute teachers are evidently not the men for the position, and we are sure their appointment will never give general satisfaction and the managers will find them poor, ineffective co-workers in the educational interest. The general talk is plainly to be seen by graduates, shaking their fists and saying "I had a deaf-mute teacher, and I have taken all of his poor instructions, and now I am poorly educated." We can say it is both the teacher's fault for accepting when he knows he is not qualified for the position, and we even hold the managers responsible for taking said teachers. We need an education and an education that will elevate us. We have and are still receiving the poor staff of the deaf-mute teachers, and it is a pity to see all remain just in the same position as they were before entering the institutions. Idiots, indeed, we may say. But it is a pity for us to see the managers of our institutions take in deaf-mute teachers simply because they are cheap and are willing to take the "stuff" of the State that will not enable them to put up a fund for their use in old age.

Colleges need men of scholarly attainments because they (colleges) are the highest places for an education. Our institutions are the highest, for we have no primary or grammar schools, and the institutions need men of intellectual abilities to train the young Philistines for their years to come. If we still take deaf-mute teachers, and when a time comes when our speaking professors are made something else and leave our institutions, how can we manage the prosperity of the deaf-mutes when deaf-mute teachers are put in their places? To-day is the time for us to have a class of professors who will enhance our interests, and when our "cousins" graduate, they will be qualified for a position when the other class is "played out." But if we remain as we are, taking deaf-mute teachers, our "cousins" will graduate with poor abilities and will not be fit to succeed the other class in case they may turn out.

LITTON BULVER.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 11, 1876.

PARISH.

The funeral of Mrs. Imogene, wife of Edmund Potter, Esq., was held at the church last Saturday, Rev. E. H. Munger officiating. She was an excellent woman.

Editor Northrop gave a very interesting lecture on our National Finances, at Carleys Mills, last Friday evening.

[Our correspondent, who is noted for his modesty, omits to state that he also addressed the meeting and "brought down the house."—ED. IND.]

Considerable small change is carried away from here nowadays. Last Saturday there was a circus and a slight-of-hand performance, and this week there is a theatre three nights. We prefer to use our small change, if we have any, for mental and moral cultivation.

Several of our citizens started this morning for the Centennial. We wish them a happy time. Nothing but a lack of greenbacks keeps us from going.

Odd.

Parish, Oct. 2, 1876.

Remember that the election of school trustees takes place next Tuesday evening.

CENTENNIAL LETTER.

The Show, like Barnum's fat boy, still growing. A fine display of fruits.—Pennsylvania State Day caps the climax.—Shoving bad silver pieces—A place to study character.—Some figures on the general result.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 29, 1876.

Although the Exhibition is nearly five months old it actually has not got its growth yet. In some departments additions and changes are still being made to improve their completeness and attractiveness. The pomological or fruit display, for instance, is better than it has been any time since the season began, several States being now represented whose fruit was not sufficiently matured to enable them to make a very good exhibit during the period of the stated display, from the 11th to the 16th instant. Among the States now coming forward are Maine and Wisconsin, from which applications for space have recently been received, and fruit is still on the way, while other collections will be shipped as soon as in proper condition. The pomological exhibit promises for some weeks longer to continue to be the finest ever held, embracing, as it does, fruits, melons, &c., from Florida to Canada, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

And special features to various nations are constantly devised and announced, so that those who have been here from the very first days of the show still find new worlds to conquer, and new sights to see. "State days" are just now occasions of particular interest. New York day beat all the days since the opening until yesterday, which was Pennsylvania day. The official report gave the attendance on New York day as 134,588. This was a proud record, but Pennsylvania has the advantage of being on her own dunghill, as it were, and she saw those thousands and went several better. I have as yet no official data as to the number of admissions, but the outpouring from the city and all the surrounding country was simply immense. Pennsylvania and Philadelphia have made the Exhibition, to a great extent, their own from the outset, and local pride was enlisted to make the State day pre-eminent.

It seems that shovers of "the queer" visit the Centennial, too. The city papers thought it was a good joke on New Yorkers that the largest amount of counterfeit money taken on any day so far, was received on New York day, but, as the crowd in attendance Thursday was larger than that of a week ago, possibly the laugh may come in somewhere else when the returns are made. The amount taken on New York day was \$16.50, consisting entirely of bogus silver pieces. The value represented in mutilated silver pieces was \$7.75, most of this having holes through the center. This sort of thing brings grief to the stile keepers, as all condemned money is deducted from the salary of the one receiving it.

Lovers of the lore of the middle ages will have an opportunity to see a practical illustration of one of the most interesting customs therein chronicled on the Centennial grounds, October 19, the day of Maryland's special celebration as one of the original thirteen States. The exhibition is called the Centennial National Riding Tournament. Fifteen knights, representing the thirteen original States, the Union and the Centennial, are to participate in the tournament. A queen of love and beauty, accompanied by four maids of honor, representing, respectively, the North, South, East and West, will be the incentive to chivalrous conduct on the part of the equestrians. In addition to the medals which the United States Centennial Commission will award to the conquering heroes, the executive committee of the tournament offer valuable prizes to be tilted for.

As already remarked, by far the most interesting feature of the Exhibition is the opportunity afforded the student of human nature to prosecute his studies. He need not confine his attention to one particular portion of the show, for subjects present themselves in every direction. They are especially numerous in the art galleries. There is something about good pictures and statuary which causes the unrefined, those who have not wrapped themselves up in the mantle of reserve, to speak out; consequently the opinions of many can be obtained without much trouble. I was curious enough to take up a good position alongside of a little conceit in marble in the shape of a child with an extremely sorrowful face, the grief evidently caused by the breaking of a cup which lay shattered at its feet. Seven out of ten persons passing this made audible comments concerning it to companions or bystanders. The naturalness of the piece undoubtedly attracted their attention, while they had not given a glance at much more meritorious works standing alongside of it. But I was going to tell you of an art conceit I happened to overhear in the annex. It was in the Italian Department where it occurred, and the objects that excited the censor's displeasure were the subjects of general admiration—some elegant marbles depicting the grace and beauty of the female form. "Them things are too vulgar," said he, "to put where decent people can't help looking at them."

I turned to gaze at the man who had made the speech. He was an uncommonly dirty specimen of humanity, with unkempt hair and beard, and tobacco-soiled shirt-front. His companion was a shade more decent in appearance, and consequently I heard him try to make a defence of the statuary, which he did by saying it was meant "to show nature." "Some nature oughtn't to be shown," was the uncompromising answer I heard as the two walked away. And this, thought I to myself, is one of the swine before whom are cast the pearls of all nations in the shape of treasures of art.

A lady from the north of Ireland, at present employed in the performance of

monial labor in the house of a friend of mine, went to the Exposition the other day. On her return the mistress of the house said to her: "Well, Kitty, what did you think of it?" "Och, sure," was her reply, "it's all very well for them as has seen nothin', but to any one who has been to the fairs at Carrickfargus it looks very mane indeed. Och, ma'am, them werry sights to see! Why, I've seen silk worms there as big as calves, and me own brither in '59 drove a score ov pigs to it, and ivry one ov them was the size ov an illphant. The show is very well in its way, but ye know ye're young yet, and much cannot be expected ov ye." "Well, but, Kitty, surely the diamonds were worth seeing, were they not? Everybody says they are very fine indeed." "Is it you bits o' things? Och, honey, ye can't mane them shirrings ov little bades! Sure, me own sister, when she married Johnny O'Toole, had a string o' diamonds round 'er neck, ivry one ov them as big as a potato! Sure, I'd never think ov comparin' them up yonder in the show wid me sister's," and with a calm smile of contemptuous superiority she resumed her scrubbing.

The increased attendance of late has given rise to some figuring on the general result, and some comparisons with other World's fairs. During the 115 days up to Saturday evening last, there were 4,071,313 paying visitors, whose admissions aggregated \$1,884,434, a sum of \$890,508 in excess of the total receipts (\$994,026) from the 3,492,922 paying visitors to the Vienna Exposition during the one hundred and eighty-six days of its continuance, and only \$319,141 less than the total receipts (\$2,203,675) of the Paris Exposition of 1867 during the two hundred and seventeen days it was open. Up to this time Philadelphia can boast a total attendance of 5,355,223, against 6,039,135 during the one hundred and forty-one days of the London Exposition of 1861, and 6,211,103 on the one hundred and seventy-one days of the London Exposition of 1862, being but 683,912 less than the former and 855,880 below the latter. Supposing the daily attendance in Oct. and Nov. to be as large as in September, the Philadelphia show will present a larger total of visitors than any previous World's fair, except, possibly, the Paris Exhibition of 1867, which was open 217 days, and had a total attendance of 8,905,969.

News of the Week.

The debt statement issued Monday shows a reduction during last month of \$2,915,365.

Saturday evening's telegraphic dispatches brought intelligence of the sudden and unexpected death of Joseph Warren, editor of the Buffalo Courier, and President of the State Associated Press. He died of congestion of the lungs, and was ill only a few hours.

Gen. Babcock has been discharged, the jury rendering a verdict of not guilty. James Lick the California philanthropist, is dead.

The sudden and dangerous illness of Pope Pius IX., and his Secretary, Cardinal Antonelli, is announced.

The awards to exhibitors at the Centennial Exhibition were made Wednesday, amid much display of cordial feeling.

Ten Broeck ran four miles in 7.15½ Wednesday at Louisville, beating the best time previously on record in this country.

There has been a snow-fall in the Catskills.

Pennsylvania Day drew 250,000 people to the Exhibition.

Gen. Braxton Bragg dropped dead while crossing the street, in Galveston, Texas, Sept. 27, aged 61. Cause of death, apoplexy, induced by heart disease.

The bronze statue of William H. Seward, recently placed in Madison Square, was unveiled and presented to the city Wednesday afternoon. The graton was delivered by William M. Everts, John Bigelow, Secretary of State, made the address of presentation in behalf of the contributors to the fund for the statue, and Mayor Wickham accepted the gift for the city. William B. Martin, President of the Department of Parks, presided, and spoke briefly. There was a large number of people in attendance, and much interest was manifested.

Connecticut Town Elections.

HARTFORD, Oct. 2.—The town elections occurred in this State to-day. The vote at these elections is always small compared with State elections. The principal political interest is in the choice of selectmen and town clerk, who constitute the board of appeals in matters connected with the registration of electors. So far as heard from in this vicinity, the gains from last year are in favor of the Republicans. In Hartford the Republicans elect the first selectman, one assessor and three constables. Most of the other officers are Democratic. In Waterbury, a strong Democratic town, the Republicans elect a majority of the aldermen and councilmen, and the Democrats the other city officers. Other towns heard from are as follows: Democratic—East Hartford, Winchester, Middletown, Windham, New London, Derby; Republican—Avon, Canton, West Hartford, Simsbury, Enfield, Rocky Hill, Manchester, Vernon, Norwich, Plymouth, Essex, Madison, East Haven; divided—East Windsor, New Britain.

Colorado Election.

DENVER, Oct. 3.—Reports from the principal points at 3 p. m. indicate heavy Republican gains everywhere over the election of 1874. The chairman of the Republican State Committee claims the State by 2,000 majority, and the Legislature by a majority of forty on joint ballot.

The general Convention of Universalists will be held in Rochester commencing October 18th.

—There will be base ball match this (Thursday) afternoon, between Hayes & Wheeler and Tilden & Hendrick clubs.

—It is aptly suggested by an exchange that now is the time for the various authors of "Beautiful Snow" to be getting their tackle into shape.

—The Loan Commissioners of Oswego county will meet at the Court House, in Pulaski, Oct. 10, 11, 17 and 18 to receive interest.

—School Commissioner Ladd writes us that the Teachers' Institute at Pulaski opened with an attendance of 81, and good prospects for the session.

—A man was in town on Monday, giving away soap, and among those who scrambled for it were our foreman and Solomon Alexander, and others of the "unwashed" tribe.

—Miss Batters, of Clinton, N. Y., went to the Centennial about the first of August and hasn't been heard of since. The churn-ey may have been too much for her.—Exchange.

—Mrs. Dr. Snell and "Aunt Amy" Mathews, when Centennializing, had a good time with the rolling chairs and with those who pushed them. If you want to know more about it ask them.

—There is a lady in this town who is willing to go without new feathers on her hat for six months if her husband will give her the wherewith to go to the Centennial. Of course she will go.

—At the Democratic convention for the Twenty-fourth District, held at Oneida on Friday last, Charles Rhodes of Oswego was nominated for member of Congress.

—John Brown has become associated with Mr. Potter in the Meat Market formerly carried on by T. J. Temple. It will be the aim of the new firm to keep a good market, and to give satisfaction to all their patrons.

—The towns of Redfield, Albion and Parish, Oswego county, and Ellisburg and Lorraine, Jefferson county, have applied for admission to the Sandy Creek, Richland, Orwell and Boylston Agricultural Society.

—There are two persons living in the vicinity of Union Square who, since their return from the big show at Philadelphia, are putting on some airs. Perhaps "Jud" Smith and "Jud" Smith's wife are slightly acquainted with them.

—An Oswego county (N. Y.) man and his wife have just started off with a horse and buggy to visit the Centennial. No such modern nonsense as railroad cars and rapid transit for them, you know.—Syracuse Standard.

Gen. Newton, in his official statement regarding the examination of Hallett's Point, says the reef at that place has been swept away, and the summary of facts is as follows: For 180 feet distant from the shore line to the line of buoys, the bottom slopes gradually from eight feet of depth at mean low water to twenty-eight feet. Outside the line of buoys, nothing less than twenty feet of depth at mean low water was observed. Divers have been examining the reef and report a thorough break-up.

AN ORIENTAL TRAVELER describes this busy scene, witnessed on historic shores: "Our steamer landed on a beach which was the port of Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians. There was no town at the water's edge, no people, no wharf. The passengers and the merchandise were put ashore in lighters, which ran up into the sand. A troop of camels, with their drivers, lay on the beach, ready to transport the goods into the interior. Among the articles landed were boxes marked 'J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.,' showing that they contained medicines and whence they came. These with other goods were hoisted on the backs of camels, for transportation to Antioch. Thus the skill of the West sends back its remedies to heal the maladies of populations that inhabit these eastern shores whence our spiritual manna came."—Windsor (Vt.) Chronicle.

"I had Never Found Anything Before that Helped Me so Well."

Owing to its Healing, Nerve Restorative and Cleansing properties, all female complaints are at once benefited by the use of Dr. Fenners' Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic, and cure inevitably follows in a reasonable time. It has special properties adapted to this class of diseases also, and its cleansing and regulating qualities, together with its building up or restorative action on the nerves, adapt it especially to these cases. Here is a complication very very common to females, readily relieved:

Dr. M. M. Fenners, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Dear Sir: I was afflicted with Dyspepsia, Headaches, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Pain in my Back and across my face, and great soreness and weakness, which I had for many years, and for which I had decided a great deal, but never got more than some temporary relief. I began taking your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic about one year ago. I had never found anything before that helped me so well. I continued to gain steadily till I thought myself wholly cured. About six months have now passed, and I have not had any return of the disease.

MRS. ELICIA SWEET.

Hundreds of cases like the above might be cited.

This Remedy is a vegetable compound, so made up of the choicest plants, carefully collected from every country and climate of the world, as to possess the rarest Alternative or Cleansing and Purifying, together with Healing and Tonic or Nerve Strengthening and Restorative properties combined.

Sold by E. L. Huntington, Druggist, Mexico, N. Y.

The finest and best assortment both coal and wood parlor stove Mexico has seen, and they are cheap.

B. S. STONE & Co.

HAMMONDSPOUT, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1861.

Dear Sir:—Some three years since I was, after a long solicitation, induced by your agent, Mr. Davis, to try a bottle of your WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILDCHERRY, which required no little persuasion on his part, as I had already tried almost every patent medicine on the whole list, within the last ten years, but all of no avail. I have for the past twenty years been troubled with a consumptive cough, and had become so much reduced as to be unable to sit up, and had fully given up ever finding anything to help me, as my case was conceded by all to be a settled case of Consumption, and therefore deemed totally incurable. In that situation I commenced the use of the Wild Cherry, from which I soon began to find some relief, and persevered in its use until I had taken some three or four bottles, when my health was almost fully restored; and for the past two years I have enjoyed better health than I have before in twenty years, and feel that I am alone indebted to the Balsam for my recovery; and I think I hazard nothing in saying that I owe my present existence to it, and it is the best medicine I have ever known for consumptive coughs and colds. Having known of its like beneficial effects in other cases than my own, I would most cheerfully recommend its use to all thus afflicted.

Very respectfully yours,

MRS. MOSES ABBOT.

I hereby certify that I have read the foregoing letter of Mrs. Abbot, and having lived adjoining the farm of Mrs. Abbot over twenty years, know the statement contained therein to be true. I would also state that I have used Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry myself and in my family, and believe it to be the best remedy for coughs and colds I have ever known.

Respectfully,
Geo. S. BRUNDAGE.

HAMMONDSPOUT, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1861.

MR. S. W. FOWLE, Boston.

DEAR SIR:—Above I send you certificate of Mrs. Moses Abbot, who, I may say, was rescued from the grave by the use of Wild Cherry Balsam, which certificate you are at liberty to use as you desire.

Yours truly,
J. W. DAVIS.

List of Letters

Remaining in Mexico Post Office, unclaimed, Oct. 3, 1876:

His Word as Good as His Bond.

The late Samuel Brown, Esq., a merchant of Boston, and the owner of Brown's wharf, is still remembered by our older citizens. When the elder Quincy was mayor he saw the necessity of moving the almshouse and the house of correction to South Boston. Mr. Brown owned a very large vacant estate where the buildings now stand, and Mr. Quincy called upon him and stated his purpose to induce the city government to remove the institution to South Boston, and asked the price of the estate referred to.

The reply was \$30,000. Mr. Quincy said that would do, and asked thirty days' refusal and a bond of it, in order to persuade the city council to agree to the measure. Mr. Brown replied that he should give no bond, as his word was his bond always. The mayor took his word, and in twenty-eight days had obtained the proper authority, and again waited on Mr. Brown, saying that had come to complete the sale of that land.

"What land?" said Mr. Brown.

"Why, the South Boston land we spoke of," said the Mayor.

"At what price, sir?" asked the former.

"Thirty thousand dollars," replied the latter, "the price agreed upon."

"Did I say that amount, sir?"

"You did."

"Have you any willing to sell it?"

"No, sir, none."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "since you were here I have been offered \$60,000 cash for it, and can you expect me to sell it at \$30,000 to the city?"

"I do," replied Mr. Quincy, "because you agreed to."

"But you, being an interested party, can't be a witness. Have you any other proof, and can you ask me to refuse \$60,000 for the land and sell it to the city for \$30,000?"

"I do."

"You have no bond for it, have you, Mr. Quincy?"

"None, sir, whatever," replied the Mayor, stretching himself up with great dignity—"none whatever but your word, and that, you said, was your bond."

"And," replied Mr. Brown, "stretching himself up with equal dignity, "so it is. My word is my bond, and for \$30,000 the land is yours."

—Two of our assistants (Mrs. Ella Baker and Clark Plimley) are having a vacation. The former is visiting friends in Syracuse, and the latter is "doing" the Centennial. They both deserve, and we trust will have, a very enjoyable time.

—The young men of this village need feel no compunctions of conscience if, when they go to see their girls, they remain till the "wee sma' hours," for the paterfamilias in this town have laid in a good supply of kerosene before the time, and then, too, coal is very cheap.

—During these past few dark nights we have more than ever appreciated the street lamps, and those whose public spirit and liberality have provided them deserve the hearty thanks of our citizens. Would there were more of them. The corporation ought to provide more, and take charge of them.

—The Mexico Trotting Association announce, by handbills, that they will hold their first meeting at the Fair Grounds in this village, on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. A number of prizes are offered. Among other attractions will be a mule race. The sport will commence at 2 p. m. each day.

—It is true that George Butler, "Dip" Cole and Luther Conklin have gone to the big show at Philadelphia, but who ever says that they walked thither, says what isn't true. They are capable of considerable exertion, but a walk to Philadelphia would, in the opinion of their friends, be rather too much of a jaunt for them.

—Mrs. T. W. Skinner brought for our inspection two copies of "The New England Almanack, or Lady's and Gentleman's Diary for the Grace of our Lord Christ, 1770," which are quaint and curious, and are the greatest possible contrast to the modern almanack. It is in the style and character of their contents as well in the typography.

—We are glad to note the prosperity of the firm of L. Robbins & Son, whose business has so increased that another partner has been added thereto. This event took place last Wednesday evening, the writings being drawn by Rev. S. P. Gray. Although not a silent partner, we presume there will be no change in the firm name. Our best wishes are theirs for a long and happy life.

—To-day (Thursday) is the time set by the Millerites for the final dissolution of this terrestrial globe. We do not know at what hour it is to take place. It is now 7 o'clock a. m., and yet not a rumble is heard. It may be that the catastrophe will not occur till this afternoon, so as to enable us to get out our paper and afford our delinquent subscribers hereabouts an opportunity of paying their dues and of making peace with us before they are ushered into the other world and banished from the society of the just and pure.

—The eighty-five excursionists who left here on Monday for Philadelphia did not take with them more than 600 cookies, 300 doughnuts, 100 lbs. of cake, 72 mince pies, 86 apple and cherry pies, 75 loaves of bread, 1 cow (cut in slices), 55 lbs. dried beef, 1 barrel of pork, 63 chickens, 40 very tender roosters, 85 tongues (just one apiece for each of the party), 3 barrels of apples, 4 hogshead sweet cider, 3 barrels of apples, 4 bushels of pears, and 95 lbs. of grapes, besides sundry other good things. The excursionists hoped that by eating rather sparingly, their ebullies would hold out till they reached Philadelphia.

That Protest.

Saturday's telegraph dispatches announced that the Executive Committee of the National Rifle Association had sustained the protest of the Seventh Regiment against the rights of the rifles of the Forty-eighth, and that, in consequence, they would be entitled to none of the prizes they had won. The Oswego papers protest against this action and claim that the regiment has done nothing dishonorable. The prizes won by the Oswego team go to the second best scores—the Catlin gun to the 23d Regiment, of Brooklyn; the State prize to the 49th, of Auburn; and the Army and Navy prize to the 7th New York City. It will thus be seen that the Sixth Division still holds one of the big regimental prizes. To show how other papers view the frivolous charges brought against the 48th, we reproduce the following from the Rod and Gun:

"At the close of the shooting a member of the Seventh Regiment team protested that the team of the Forty-eighth Regiment, Oswego, had been using guns with sights filed, so as to enable them to draw a much finer sight than those using the regulation pieces. The protest has been lodged for doing what the State authorities should have done in bettering the State arms. It does certainly seem about time that a code of rules should be drawn up which would secure to the best marksmen the best prizes, and not to second-rate men, who are clever at quibbles."

Take My Advice.

The times are hard, money is not very plenty. Don't pay it out for Clothing, Boots, &c., before you have called at the Boston Clothing Store, Pulaski, N. Y. Don't buy Cloth or get your Clothes made before you have examined that immense Stock of Clothing, Boots, &c., at that establishment. Take my advice, that is all I can say to you.

M. LEVY,
Boston Clothing Store, Pulaski, N. Y.

Sign of the Flag.

Fresh roasted coffees of the best grades at Whybourn's. Also fresh crackers a specialty.

A New Hair Tonic Worth Having—It is the Best.

WOOD'S IMPROVED HAIR RESTORATIVE is unlike any other, and has no equal. The Improved has new vegetable tonic properties; restores gray hair to a glossy, natural color; restores faded, dry, harsh and falling hair; restores, dresses, gives vigor to the hair; restores hair to prematurely bald heads; removes dandruff, humors, scalp eruptions; removes irritation, itching and scaly dryness. No article produces such wonderful effects. Try it. Call for Wood's Improved Hair Restorative, and don't be put off with any other article. Sold by all druggists in this place and dealers everywhere. Trade supplied at manufacturer's prices by C. A. Chase & Co., Chicago, Sole Agents for the United States and Canada, and by J. P. Henry, Curran & Co., New York.

SILKS, SILKS, MILTON'S PRICE.

Notwithstanding the great rise in the price of Black and Colored Silks, I still continue to sell at old prices. Colored Faint Silks.

In all the new Fall Shades. Black Silks in Pansons Quinets, Bonnets, &c., cheap.

I will continue to sell the celebrated Cashmere Sublime Black Silks at \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.50 per yard. Good Black Silks only \$1.00 and \$1.25 per yard.

Please examine these bargains at the Mammoth Stores of MILTON'S PRICE, 33 and 40 South Salina St., Syracuse.

The North Mexico Sunday-school had another Concert on Sunday evening last, and was replete with interest and instruction. The exercises consisted of singing, recitations, dialogues, &c., and nearly all who took part acquitted themselves remarkably well. Mr. Wm. Ball, the energetic and untiring superintendent, has much reason to be pleased with the success of the concert and with his school.

Gloves, all kinds, both Buckskin and Harvest.

A new kind of Gloves and Mittens, Indian Tanned, by Canadian Indians, warranted Buckskin, cheap as you can get the ordinary at wholesale, from \$1.20 to \$2.00 per pair, at COBB BROS.

BEAUTIFY THE COMPLEXION, and remove pimples, spots, burns, scalds, stings, chapped lips, prickly heat and all irritations of the skin by using GLEN'S SULPHUR SOAP. In cases of Gout and Rheumatism it is also very efficacious.

To Cooper.

I will sell Turned Heading for apple blks at 3 1/2c per set, and flour bbl. heading proportionately low, at my Mill at the Stone Quarry. Heading always on hand.

Wm. Adams.
Mexico, Aug. 22, 1876. 43-64

A New Barber's Shop.

Over the Post-office, Mexico. Fashionable Hair Dressing, Shampooing and Shaving. I shall try and please all. Give me a call.

E. A. COOPER.
Mexico, Sept. 25, 1876.

The Centennial Exhibition is not to be prolonged after November 10th.

12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & Co. Augusta, Maine. 10-1y

PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR Deaf-Mute Children

The Rev. T. B. BERRY, Rector of Trinity Church, GRANVILLE, N. Y.

Desires to receive into his family four deaf-mute children for instruction and home care.

REFERENCES.—Rev. T. Gallaudet, D. D., Prof. L. L. Post, LL. D., New York, and Prof. C. W. Ely, A. M., Frederick, Md. 21-2d

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing list of 300 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. 10-1y

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH

GEORGE BELL & CO. 10 PARK ROW, N.Y.

Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

ORDER OF CREATION RELIGION OF THE SIX NEW WORLDS

P. A. EMERY, M. A., D. D.

I.—Order of Creation. (Chart, 30x26).
Based on Circles, Twelve Axioms of History, &c.
Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$5.00
Chart plain, with Book plain bound, \$3.00

II.—Arcana of Nature Revealed.
Based on Mathematics, Twelve Axioms of Creation, &c.
Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$5.00
Chart plain, with Book plain bound, \$3.00

III.—Circle of Religion & Science. (Chart, 30x26).

IV.—Landscapes of History.
Based on Circles, Twelve Axioms of History, &c.
Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$5.00
Chart plain, with Book plain bound, \$3.00

V.—Rational Dream Book.
VI.—Inner Life Night Thoughts.
Based on Ten Propositions, a new and universal language, &c.
Bound in two volumes, \$1.50
"One vol., \$1.00

Ten per cent. off to Ministers.
These great works should be in the hands of all who wish to possess the most advanced and rational ideas of Creation, History and Science.
M. A. EMERY & SON, Publishers, CHICAGO, ILL.
Send Stamp for Pamphlet-Circulars, &c.
The Works mailed free on receipt of 10c

\$5 TO \$20

Portland, Maine. 10-1y

Mexico Academy.

Fall Term OPENS Tuesday, Aug. 29

Published for sale by BAKER, PRATT & CO. Nos. 142 & 44 Grand St., NEW YORK CITY.

Will be sent by mail on receipt of price with ten per cent added for postage.

Peet's Course of Instruction FOR THE DEAF and DUMB.

Elementary Lessons, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 308. Price 75 cents.

Scripture Lessons, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 95. Price 30 cents.

Course of Instruction, Part III, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Fully Illustrated. Pp. 252. Price \$1.00.

Containing a development of the verb illustrations of idioms; lessons on the different periods of human life; natural history of animals, and a description of each month in the year. This is one of the best reading books that has ever been prepared for deaf-mutes, and furnishes an excellent practical method of making them familiar with pure, simple, idiomatic English. It is well adapted also for the instruction of hearing children.

History of the United States of America, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 423. Price \$1.50.

Extending from the discovery of the continent to the close of President Lincoln's administration. A work of great accuracy, written in a pure, idiomatic style, and pronounced by good judges to be the best book for most instructive history of this country that has ever been condensed within the same compass.

Manual of Chemistry, by Dudley Peet, M. D. Pp. 123. Price 75 cents.

Manual of Vegetable Physiology, by Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D. Pp. 42. Price 25 cents.

Language Lessons, by Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D. Script Type. Pp. 232. Price \$1.25, (including postage).

Designed to introduce young learners, deaf-mutes, and foreigners to a correct understanding and use of the English language.

It is believed that this book will meet a want long felt, as the directions for use are so minute that any one, even without previous familiarity with the instruction of deaf-mutes, may wish to use it satisfactorily for the purpose of their education. It is therefore adapted for home instruction as well as for use in the classroom. In the latter it is admirably fitted to serve as a standard of attainment and a means of securing uniformity of method, thus rendering classification easier, and obviating the injury which often arises from transferring a pupil from one teacher to another. By its means the education of a deaf-mute can be successfully commenced at a very early age. In order to employ it to advantage it is not necessary to forego those of other text-books, but it will, it is thought, supply many deficiencies, and moreover form in the pupil the habit of thinking in language.

With this view it need not be confined to elementary classes, as the pupils in high institution would derive a benefit from going through the exercises.

The Oswego County Council

Patrons of Husbandry will be held in Oswego, Tuesday, Oct. 3, 1876.

A. L. SAMPSON, Sec'y.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL —For 1876—

THE GREAT DEAF-MUTE PAPER!

The Acknowledged Leader OF THE Deaf-Mute Press.

The unprecedented encouragement we have received during the year from the most intelligent deaf-mutes in the country, and from gentlemen, the very leaders of the profession, stimulates us to renewed exertion, and we are determined, as far as the power within us lies, to make

(The Journal) (A Marvel of Deaf-Mute Journalism.)

We are ever on the alert for first-class additions to our list, and arrangements are now being made to

An Unequalled Corps of Contributors.

The prominent features of the year will be continued, and new ones from time to time inaugurated.

THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT

so acceptable to our better class of readers, with during the year, be exceedingly rich in varied Foreign Notes.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.

We shall make the Journal Progressive

In every sense of the term, and in all respect we shall be fully up to the times. We assure our readers that all we can do shall be done to make the JOURNAL instructive and attractive.

TERMS

Of the Deaf-Mute Journal:

One copy one year, postage paid, \$1.50
One copy six months, 75
Club of ten, 1.25

These prices are invariable. Remit in drafts, post-office money orders, or by registered letters. Never send money in an ordinary letter.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

THE FOLLOWING WORKS

Published for sale by BAKER, PRATT & CO. Nos. 142 & 44 Grand St., NEW YORK CITY.

Will be sent by mail on receipt of price with ten per cent added for postage.

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The Oswego County Council

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A. L. SAMPSON, Sec'y.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:

Flour, (retail) Spr'g \$7.25, red \$7.50, white \$8.25
Meal, 1/2 cwt, (retail) 0.00 @ 1.25
Shorts, 1/2 ton, 1.10
Shipments, 1/2 ton, 1.10
Middlings, 1/2 ton, 1.10
Corn, 35 @ 40
Oats, 35 @ 40

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:

Butter, 20 @ 26
Loose Butter, 20 @ 24
Cheese, 9 @ 11
Lard, 15 @ 17
Eggs, 1/2 doz., 12 @ 13
Beef, 1/2 cwt., 10 @ 12
Mutton, 1/2 cwt., 10 @ 12
Pork, 1/2 barrel, retail, \$21
Pork 1/2 cwt., \$7 @ \$7.25
Apples, (dried), 1/2 lb., 10 @ 12
Ham, 1/2 lb., 10 @ 12
Dressed Poultry, 1/2 lb., 10 @ 12
Potatoes, 1/2 bush., 4 @ 5
Beef Hides, per lb., 4 @ 5

Housekeepers Take Notice.

Oswego Flour, Winter, \$1.80; Spring, \$1.70.
Kerosene oil, 30 cts per gallon.
One Dollar Tea, 70 cts per lb.
Salt, \$1.45 @ \$1.50.
50lb. Butter Tubs, 30 cts.
New Orleans 100 Molasses, 80 cts. @ gal.
The poor can have cheaper.
W. O. JOHNSON,
Washington St., Mexico.

A RUSH TO THE Centennial Grocery.

Corner of Main and Ames Sts.,
Where will be found a large and good assortment of Fresh Family Groceries.

{ By fair dealing I hope to receive }
a share of public patronage.

J. W. LAWTON,
Mexico, May 23, 1876 30-y

A. C. THOMAS, PROPRIETOR OF THE TORONTO & STATE MILLS.

Manufacturer and dealer in SUPERIOR BRANDS Family FLOUR MEAL FEED.

Custom Grinding

Will also receive prompt attention.
Mexico, Jan. 18, 1875.

Great Bargains IN HARNESS GOODS AT PRUYNE'S.

AT THE OLD STAND, Main Street, Mexico.

PRUYNE

Sells good Double Team Harness for \$27.00.

PRUYNE

Sells Good Team Harness, with breeching complete, for \$30.00.

PRUYNE

Sells full Silver Trimmed Single Harness for \$20.00.

PRUYNE

Sells Good Team Collars for \$2.50.

PRUYNE

Sells all kinds of Harness Goods, such as Hal ters, Whips, Linen and Worsted Dusters, Bumper Blankets, Lap Robes, Fly Nets, &c., &c., at the same ratio.

PRUYNE

Does all kinds of repairing; uses the best of stock and warrants all work as represented.

Now is the Time to Buy.

Hurrah for the Bakery.

In order to lessen the expense for regular customers, I will now exchange 12 tickets for a dollar greenback. Each ticket good for 1 loaf of Bread or its equivalent in other bakery stuff. Figure on it and satisfy yourselves that it is cheaper than you can bake, and buy all your bread at the Bakery. Groceries at bottom prices.

JOHN WHYDOEN.

SECOND Grand Excursion TO PHILADELPHIA, Via the Midland and Pennsylvania Railroads THROUGH BY DAYLIGHT. Via New York. Monday, Oct. 2d, 1876. Returning Saturday, Oct. 7th. Four full days at the Exhibition.

By request of numerous citizens the management have arranged to run a second special Excursion Train from Oswego to the Exposition on MONDAY, Oct. 2d, at the popular rate of \$9.50 for round trip including four first class lodgings, or \$7.00 for round trip without lodgings. The special train leaves Oswego, Monday, at 5 A. M., arriving at Philadelphia the same evening. Returning leaves Centennial Grounds at 7 P. M., Friday, arriving at points of departure the following morning.

A visit to the Metropolis.

Tickets will be good on any train of the Pennsylvania R.R. from Philadelphia to New York on or between the dates above mentioned. Those availing themselves of the privilege can join the returning special train at the Jersey City depot of the Pennsylvania R.R. at 9 P. M., Friday, Oct. 6.

The great Exposition soon to close.

The management guarantee that the number of persons in each car under any circumstance will be limited to seating capacity. As fast as tickets are sold seats will be allotted, and it is therefore advised that all who propose to join the party purchase their tickets as early as possible as the sale will be discontinued when the accommodations are exhausted. The train will be composed of First-Class 12 wheel coaches. For tickets and further information apply to the Agents at Oswego, or at Oswego, Oswego, or other agents of the Road.

W. H. WEED, Gen. Passenger Agent, New York, Sept. 25, 1876.

DURANG'S RHEUMATIC REMEDY.

is taken Internally, and Positively Cures Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia & Lumbago. Sold by Wholesale and Retail Druggists everywhere. Send for circular to HELPHENSTINE & BENTLEY, 47-ly Druggists, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Wells Tea Company

Importers of Pure China and Japan Teas, 201 Fulton St., NEW YORK.

P. O. Box 4860. NEW YORK.

The Wells Tea Company

SUPPLY TEAS TO STOREKEEPERS, in original packages, at lowest import prices, as per sample sent on application.

The WELLS TEA COMPANY

SUPPLY TEAS TO DRUGGISTS, GENERAL DEALERS, AND OTHERS, packed in handsome sealed packages of one pound each, in canisters of the same capacity, and in 1 lb., 10 lb., and 20 lb. boxes. Full particulars on application.

The WELLS TEA COMPANY

SUPPLY TEAS TO PEOPLES in half pound and one pound bags, plain or printed, at more liberal discounts than is given elsewhere.

The WELLS TEA COMPANY

SUPPLY TEAS FOR CLUB ORDERS, and allow a larger commission than usual, and in all cases guarantee the quality of our goods. Forms sent when required.

Send for circular and please say under which of the above mentioned departments you wish to trade, that we may send you all the information necessary without further trouble.

The WELLS TEA COMPANY

Is one of the largest and most reliable houses in the trade; all parties requiring Tea in quantity will do well to send their orders direct. 47-4m

HAVE YOU TRIED SIDDALL'S Magnetic Soap?

For use in Summer and Winter.

Makes clothes clean, sweet and very white WITHOUT BOILING or SCALDING.

NO ROUGH HANDS!
NO YELLOW CLOTHES!
NO WASH BOILER!
NO STEAM in the HOUSE!

Guaranteed under \$50 penalty not to injure clothes, and Superior for Toilet and Shaving.

Sold at Stores, or a family package will be sent, express charges prepaid, on receipt of one dollar and fifty cents. One reliable dealer wanted at every prominent point as agent, with whom a liberal arrangement will be made.

Address, F. H. SIDDALL, 106 Market St., Phila.

48-5m

VISSCHER & HALL'S Concentrated Potash.

Warranted equal to any Potash in the market, and far superior to concentrated Lye for all purposes for which it is used.

Put up in one pound metal cans, convenient for use in families for making hard and soft soaps, and for cleaning purposes generally. Directions for making soap, etc., accompany each can.

For cleaning type, presses, machinery, paints, softening water, washing sinks and fruit trees in the spring, it is unequalled for excellence and economy of packing. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

VISSCHER & HALL'S INSECTICIDE AND DISINFECTANT POWDER is invaluable for the destruction of the potato bug, cotton worm, grasshoppers, mice, rats, roaches, insects, and vermin of all kinds. It is harmless to men and animals, and far cheaper than Paris green for the destruction of vermin. It is also invaluable as a DISINFECTANT, purifying the air in hospitals, and sick rooms, and destroying the foul odors of sinks, cellars, stables, &c. Put up in one pound cans. For sale by Druggists and Grocers everywhere.

VISSCHER & AL L, Manufacturers, 47-5m 99 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

COAL.

The following are the prices for coal:

Anthracite and Leas awanna Coal.

GRATE, 5.45
200, 5.60
STOVE, 5.10
CHESTNUT, 5.10
CHARCOAL, (per bushel), 20

Blacksmith's Coal always on hand.

Our coal is as clean as any in the market, and warranted to give satisfaction or no pay.

Our coal must be paid for when delivered. Office in the Express office at No. 3, Ballard's Grocery.

W. PENFIELD.

Mexico Hayes and Wheeler Club.

The next regular meeting of the Club will be held on Tuesday evening next, at Empire Hall, at 7:30 o'clock. It is expected that Hon. Theodore M. Pomeroy, of Auburn, will be present and address the meeting. A telegram from him will be received to-day. Should he be unable to attend at this time, other interesting speakers will be provided. All sympathizers with the platform adopted at Cincinnati and the candidates of the Republican party are cordially invited to attend. A special invitation is extended to ladies. Let all friends of the Republican cause be present.

By Order of the Club,
NEWTON HALL, Pres't.
L. L. VIRGIL, Sec'y.

READ These notices three times and prepare to— ACT.

COBB BROS.

List of Cheap Goods.

50 varieties of Jack Knives, a new Invoice, from 20c to \$4.75 each.

A new Invoice of new style Parlor, study, and sitting-room Chandeliers and Pendants, of 1, 2 and 3 lights. Nearly 100 sold last year in lighting churches, halls, lodges and for private use.

Also please remember the notice to settle of last week. Note or Cash. COBB BROS.

The Splendid GOLD DUST FLOUR. All kinds of Oswego and Thomas' on hand.

A few more of those Remington Breech Loading Shot Guns, and complete rigs for them. Ducks and Partridges never were more plenty. Get a gun that will last for life, cheap.

Be sure and read this notice

COBB BROS., Mexico, N. Y.

NOTICE, NOTICE.—We desire all persons indebted to us to settle either in cash or by note, in 10 days. Our friends have been very accommodating in this respect, and we appreciate their promptness. Please observe the notice, and make either arrangement with us.

Cobb Bros.

Full silver trimmed Single Harness for \$20, at Pruyn's.

Patents.

Persons desiring to take out Patents, or desiring information from the U.S. Patent office, should consult F. A. LEHMANN, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. Examinations free. NO PATENT, NO PAY. Send for Circular. 42-4

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

Charles Dodd, of his heirs whose residences are unknown.

His next of kin of George Dodd, late of the town of Redfield, County of Oswego, deceased, deceased.

Whereas Mary Dodd, of the town of Redfield, in the County of Oswego, has lately made application to her Surrogate of the County of Oswego, to have a certain instrument in writing, relating to real and personal estate, duly proved as the Last Will and Testament of said George Dodd, deceased, to be her executor, and she has been duly appointed and qualified, to be and appear before our said Surrogate, at his office in the village of Mexico, in said County of Oswego, on the 10th day of October, next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, then and there to attend the probate of said instrument as the Last Will and Testament of said deceased.

In testimony whereof, we have caused the Seal of office of our said Surrogate of the County of Oswego, to be hereunto affixed.

Witness, Timothy W. Skinner, Surrogate of the said County, at the village of Mexico, in said County of Oswego, on the 23 day of Sept., in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six.

C. C. BROWN.

Surrogate's Clerk of Oswego County.

Butler Tubs at com. at COBB BROS.